

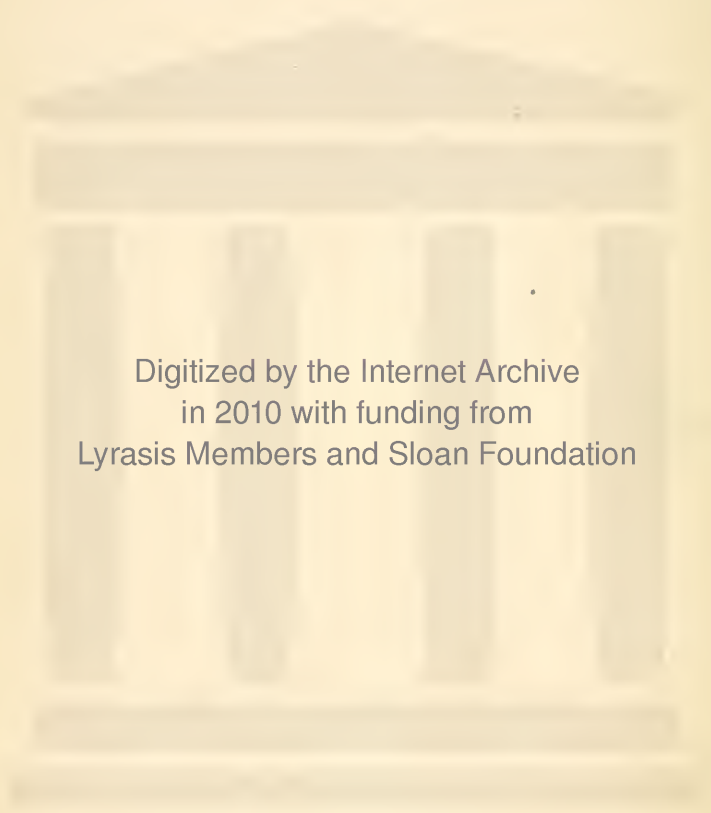
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OCTOBER, 1913

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GREENSBORO, N. C.

No. 1

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To Autumn

Yea, thy music thou hast, too,
O Season fair, fulfillment of
The promises of cheerful spring.
What matter if the gladder notes
Of brighter seasons sound no more?
Thy rich and mellow harmonies
A deep, abiding joy have wrought.
Thy low cathedral tones awake
A sursum corda in our souls.



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VOL. XVIII

GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

The Croatan Indians of Robeson County

Fannie Robertson, '14, Adelpkian

During the year 1864 three Indians from the Lowrie family in Robeson county, were employed to build fortifications at Fort Fisher. Some difficulty having arisen, they were shot, supposedly by a white officer. At their funeral old George Lowrie made a speech in which he said that his race had formerly lived in Roanoke, Virginia, had white blood in their veins, and that they had been friends to the whites, taking their laws and religions. But he said that his people had always been treated unfairly by the whites.

This incident led to investigation and brought to light facts which go to prove that the Croatan Indians now living in Robeson county are descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony.

In 1583 Queen Elizabeth granted Sir Walter Raleigh a patent to settle any land which was not then occupied by Christians. After two unsuccessful attempts, the third colony, consisting of one hundred twenty-one persons, set sail on April 26, 1587, with John White as governor. They landed at Roanoke Island and at once made friends with the Indians there.

Soon the supplies gave out and White was persuaded to return to England for more. Before his departure the colonists agreed that, if it became necessary for them to leave Roanoke, they would go to an island fifty miles to the southwest, leaving the name of their retreating place carved on a

tree near the shore. Furthermore, they would carve a cross above the name if they left in distress.

White went to England and, as everyone knows, returned to Roanoke in 1590 only to find no trace of the colony—except the mysterious word “Croatan” carved on a tree, with no cross whatever above it. Since that time fate has enshrouded the colony in mystery until recent researches have discovered its descendants dwelling and prospering in Robeson county.

We cannot doubt the fact that the colony withdrew with the friendly Indians of Roanoke to an island, Croatan, about sixty miles inland from Roanoke, and now included in Carteret county, for White’s own narrative proves that they intended carving the name of their future destination on a conspicuous tree and, furthermore, that they carved the word “Croatan” on a tree near the shore. Likewise, the narrative shows that they did not go in distress, for there was no cross on the tree. So we can reasonably suppose that the colony lived on somewhere, and that its descendants live today.

Nothing more was heard of the people until immediately after Jamestown was settled in 1607. Then Captain John Smith was given definite information by an Indian Chief that “Certain men clothed like he was with houses built with stone walls and one story above the other, as taught them by the English,” lived at Ocanahonen, which is on the southern branch of the Neuse River, as proved by a chart sent to Philip Third of Spain and dated September 10, 1608. These inhabitants of the Neuse had migrated from Croatan Island and there they lived, intermarried with the Cherokee Indians and prospered.

Again we lose sight of these Indians until 1730, when the Scotch settled the Cape Fear and found them dwelling together there, tilling the soil and speaking English. It is quite probable that during this interval they lived with the Cherokees in the interior and near the mountains of North Carolina, where there were no whites.

We believe then that the Croatans now living in Robeson county are descendants of Raleigh’s Lost Colony and the Cherokee Indians and also that their traditions are clear

enough to prove the fact. The records of all the old Croatans families now living, point back to Roanoke where their "faythers read in a book and spoke English." An old chronicler, remembered by some very old people today, could locate with accuracy many places where his ancestors lived in Roanoke. Again when the Scotch settled in Robeson, they found the scuppernong grapevine in abundance. This grape which is propagated only by cuttings, had its origin around Roanoke in the extreme eastern part of this state. The Croatans firmly believe in queer old remedies prevalent in England before White's departure, and use the iron tomahawk and old English cross bow. Furthermore, of the ninety-nine family names of White's companions, forty-five are conspicuous among their descendants who live in Robeson county today. Lastly, the Croatans use many old English words—such as *mon* for *man*, *housen* for *house*, *aks* for *asks*, etc, which are used by no other people at this day.

At the coming of the Scotch settlers in 1730, there were several thousand Indians dwelling on the Lumbee River. They were not barbarous, by any means, as all the other isolated and native tribes were, when first discovered. Their settlement extended for about twenty miles along the Lumbee River and was called Scuffletoun—supposed to be a contraction of the word Scoville-town. The entire tribe lived together in tents, held lands in common, cultivated the soil rudely and knew no use of titles. The first known grant to them was made to George and Henry Berry Lowrie in 1732. Later many of them bought land from whites who obtained large grants.

The Croatans had made and frequented three long, interesting trails, connecting their abodes with those of the Cherokees at the west. One, called the Lowrie Road, went through Marlboro in upper South Carolina, Robeson, Cumberland, Sampson, Duplin, Craven, and Jones counties to Roanoke. In those days, great caravans of traders selling pottery, hatchets, tomahawks, powder, and coarse cloth passed along this and the other roads. Today the Lowrie Road is one of the best and most convenient public highways in Cumberland

and Robeson counties. Another trail led from the mountains of Buncombe county directly east and united with the former at Fayetteville.

Beside these roads there have been found numerous mounds in which are corpses of adults with, every now and then, some weapon. The crania, which have been very carefully examined, are of Caucasian type and show much greater development than those of the savage Indian. It is a peculiar fact that two mounds are generally found very close together near a swamp or stream. It is also clearly evident that the occupant was buried with his face downward.

The Croatans had no educational advantages at that time. Very few of them could either read or write. However, they displayed a great amount of common sense in agriculture, and good taste in pottery making. Some of the vessels in existence now show that they rolled ears of corn over the clay while in a plastic state, leaving a very artistic design. They raised a great deal of cotton, tobacco, peanuts and corn; it is said that they furnished the governor's troops much of their supplies during the Tuscarora War.

The dam across Rockfish Creek, and a grist mill near Hope Mills, in Cumberland county, also prove that the Croatans were intelligent, industrious people at the coming of the Scotch.

These Indians have made wonderful and steady progress since they were first discovered. Their present conditions are much better and tend to improve more and more. In the early history of the state they attended white schools, but in 1835 the Legislature passed a law which classed the Croatans as free persons of color and forbade their attending white schools. This discouraged them, for their pride and hatred of the negro prevented their attending negro schools and they had none, so they lived in ignorance until 1887, when the Legislature passed another act appointing W. L. Moore, Jas. Orendine, James Dial and Preston Locklear as trustees to establish a Normal school in the county. It gave them five hundred dollars a year for maintenance, provided they would erect a building and employ teachers. This interest on the

part of the state awakened a new interest and enthusiasm; so they set to work again.

The nucleus of their settlement is Scuffletoun, situated in the swampy district of Robeson county, about twenty miles east of Lumberton on the Lumber River and on the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line Railways. Their property amounts to \$353,764, including sixty thousand acres of land, which extends, principally, for twenty miles along the river between the swamps, and embraces much of the best farming land of this state.

Their educational advantages have, in the past, been few, but the ambitious people are improving them each year. In 1887 they erected a school building at Pates, employed their faculty, and started the development of the Croatan children. Six years ago the Legislature raised the appropriation to \$1250 and in 1911, to \$2250 with an additional sum for a new building. The faculty now consists of a Wake Forest graduate and two lady teachers from Pennsylvania. There are over one hundred fifty students at this school, all over fifteen years of age, and doing eighth and ninth grade work. Before entering the Normal the student must promise to teach in the public schools of the county. Professor Edens, who was principal of the school for five years, testifies to the fact that the Croatans have as bright intellects, are as submissive to authority, and as studious as any pupils. He says: "They would submit, even the adult ones, to any kind of punishment I might see fit to inflict, and utter no word of protest or in any way show resentment." They frequently walk from four to nine miles to school and study as late as one o'clock at night.

Besides the Normal school, there are twenty-five public schools for the Croatan race, taught by the natives in Robeson county. The aggregate number of children in these schools is two thousand one hundred seventy-eight. The school term is short, but the students are quite enthusiastic. At the closing exercises they have picnics, good speeches, "big dinners," and great throngs of people.

Hiram R. Revels, ex-senator from Mississippi, was born of Croatan parents in Western Robeson, and has showed the

world that the race is intelligent and only needs educational advantages now. Also the fact that John Leary, a Croatan, was educated at Harvard University, represented his county in the Legislature, and became a lawyer in Fayetteville, proves that when given a fair chance, his race ranks with any other in intellectual abilities.

The majority of these people engage in farming and such occupations. They are showing a wonderful progress and are resorting to more improved methods every year, due to the influence of education. For several years, Croatan names have stood at the top of the prize winning list in Corn Club contests, and in 1901, Joshua E. Dial, a wealthy Croatan Indian, led the state in cotton production to the acre. As a rule, they prefer outdoor labor to that in mills or gins, and many of them saw wood, dig ditches, and haul logs all the time.

Many of the Croatans have independent farms, own two horses or mules, fifty or more acres of land, and make their own living. They raise cotton, corn, tobacco, especially, and very little hay or grain. When very young, the boys "hire out" to scientific farmers and so grow up to learn a great deal about farming.

The Croatans are a very religious people—or so pretend to be. The majority of the race is Methodist, but there are a few Baptists and a very few Presbyterians. They have native preachers, whom they support extremely well. By day-break on Sunday morning many wagons filled with gaily dressed Croatans pass along going to church four to ten miles away. They carry dinner with them and stay all day. Every August, "when crops are laid by" they have their meetings. For two weeks then they do nothing but go to church. Then too, they have picnic dinners, two sermons a day and another at night. To a man, they go to church and support the preacher.

Anyone would be extremely interested in a visit to a Croatan home. The older ones are well away from the public road and, generally, in a thin forest. A typical one today is made of logs nicely and thickly daubed with mortar, with

two or more new rooms joined to the original one-room hut by porches. The yard around is always spotlessly clean, hard and bare, except for a few gorgeous vari-colored flowers huddled together at one side and a well, curbed with a large round cypress log. Beside the house, there is a garden surrounded by palings, and filled with collards, okra, peas, and potatoes—their favorite eatables. On the other side of the house, or further back, there is a large scuppernong grapevine, well cared for and supported.

A few yards from the house, there are three, four or five small buildings—a crib, stables, buggy shelter and perhaps a poultry house. It is their greatest delight to own a buggy and a shed for it.

The interior of the house is always crowded—the walls covered with fancy pictures and newspapers, attract attention first. Then there is a broken spinning wheel, home-made chairs with cow-skin bottoms, rude beds, lace curtains, and cheap, bright ornaments—such as red lamps—on the dresser.

As you enter, everyone rises and, with shy, bashful countenance, steps back. Then the mother salutes with: “Walk in men; and sit here by the fire,” or some such greeting. The occupants before you are of a clear pleasing yellow, tinged with copper, have straight black hair, high cheek-bones, dark piercing eyes which dilate as they grow angry or excited. The men are of medium height, straight, broad shouldered and some of them are really handsome, with their sinewy muscles and alertness. The women, especially when sixteen to twenty-five years of age, are pretty, and take great pride in their dress.

It is wonderfully strange to us but a source of great pride to them that, although the law of 1835 dissolved their race, they have lived as a clan, and have preserved their original characteristics. They all love bright colors, especially red, green and yellow, and mix them in their dress. To a man, they hate the negro, refuse to work with him, whenever possible, and stand loyal to their own fellowmen. Doubtless, the Croatans are the most revengeful race in the world today. After the incident related in the beginning of this paper, Henry Berry Lowrie, a distant relative of the dead men,

swore that he would avenge his kinsman's blood before he died. And so 'twas in revenge that the Lowrie gang robbed and murdered for ten years in that county. Furthermore, they are a skillful people; they hunt and catch many fox, squirrels, rabbits, and fish during the seasons. When they have a visitor, they often amuse him by splitting a grain of corn thirty feet away with a cross-bow. As a race, they are hard drinkers and are rough when drunk. Rarely does a week pass without a murder of one of their number by a bullet from a companion's or a rival's gun.

The Croatans are quiet, reserved, and slow about disclosing their secrets to anyone. In a crowd, they stand around with drooped heads, rarely ever speaking a word. They are also a hospitable people; any man is glad enough to leave his plow, hitch up his horse and accompany a visitor over the country. They generally refer to the man they work for as "Cap'ain", and protect and defend him forever.

These Indians are peculiar people, extremely superstitious and suspicious. They still have faith in many queer old remedies used in England prior to the fifteenth century. One of these is three live lice in a drink of whiskey, as a cure for fever. Their superstitions follow them wherever they go. They have great faith in certain phases of the moon, and will not plant their garden, for instance, except "on the full of the moon."

When dressed up the women wear flaring colors, hats banked with bright flowers, spectacles, and aprons. Every Saturday afternoon they go in great crowds to town. It is of interest to know that they always walk in single file, regardless of number, persons, or place. They also carry baskets with them when they go shopping. Since 1835, they have been prejudiced to, or rather suspicious of, the white man, and hesitate to disclose their secrets to him.

The language of the Croatans is picturesque, and sometimes difficult to understand. Besides the queer words already mentioned, they use *cyart*, for *cart*; *cyard* for *card*; *gyirl* for *girl*; and *hit* for *it*. Their expressions are unique. Some of them frequently refer to the year of the earthquake as "the year of the shake."

In view of these facts, are the Croatans worthy of any consideration on the part of North Carolina? Will they make desirable and beneficial citizens at any time? Most assuredly, present circumstances give us every reason to believe that they will be a great factor for the uplift of the state, as they are educated. Two years after an appropriation was given them, they had bought land, erected a building, and begun the education of their children. Since that time their conditions have improved wonderfully.

The county records show that crime has decreased greatly since the educational reaction set in, that there are fewer drunkards than ever before and also that there are fewer law-breakers and more peaceful, law-abiding citizens among them than ever before. The records of the State Department of Agriculture show that their agricultural abilities increase ten-fold with the spread of education. Among the greatest needs for their development is the cultivation of a higher standard of morals and abstention from liquor. Many of them are now quiet, peaceful, profitable, and surely agreeable citizens—their most urgent need being better education. Then why does not the state—even the nation—owe herself, her other citizens, and the Croatans themselves, her aid and protection?

A Strange Footprint

Mary Deans, '17, Cornelian

One summer not long ago while on a mountain camping trip, I, with several of the others who composed our party, made a trip to a spot known in that region as the Renz gold mines. It proved to be an ideal spot indeed. The steep slopes of the hillsides were covered with blooming ivy and the purple laurel or rhododendron. Here and there gigantic rocks jutted out,—some with only sharp points; others with broad flat surfaces upon which several people could stand. Below all this was a winding river, reflecting the beauty of this mountain-side scene. On one of the flat projecting rocks just mentioned we gathered to spread our lunch. Soon one of our number noticed the plain stamp of a human foot-print and the word "Zeita" cut in the hard rock surface. This naturally caused a good deal of curiosity among us. While we were exchanging questions on the subject another tourist chanced to pass and noticing our expressions of wonder he stopped and related to us the following story told him by a native of the region.

"When the Indians lived in this part of our country many, many years ago they loved this little "garden of beauty" because it seemed in some way connected with their religion. Even after the white men had taught them the way of the true God, they loved to come here either alone or in companies for "out of door prayer service." There was once a young Indian named Sycus who seemed to love the place more than all the others. He was fond of coming here alone late in the afternoons to watch the sun set and the twilight fall. We are accustomed to think of Indians as having evil thoughts but it was not so with Sycus. He had learned of the "white man's God" and had followed the white man's teaching. One day after a longer period of meditation than usual, Sycus went away to visit another tribe of Indians. "For many moons" he stayed away but finally he did return and brought

with him a fair young bride. They visited this place very much, and before long Zeita, his wife, learned to love the place as Sycus did. One evening when they were on this rock, Zeita, by some mistaken step, fell down by the side of it into the water. Sycus' first impulse was to follow her, but with the clear quick mind of an Indian he remembered that suicide would be wrong; so he tried to save his dying wife, and with the Indian's characteristic quickness he was soon beside his wife who died in only a few seconds.

A few days later Sycus disappeared and no one knew where he had gone until several years afterwards when he returned to mourn again over his loss. On one April evening he sat here in the twilight and cut this foot-print and "Zeita" just below it.

Autumn Twilight

Natalie Hughes Tuck, '16

The hosts of Fall begin their reign,
 Summer is past;
The light of evening slowly fades
 Like dreams away,
And twilight shadows purple fast.

Good-bye to the golden dreams of June,
 To summer flowers
That grew beside the singing streams
 In beauty rare;
Among these friends I dreamed away
 My jeweled hours.

The vesper star comes in the west,
 Twilight fades;
The trees are dark against the skies;
 The winding brook
Shines silver from their shades.

Beneath the moon a faint wind stirs;
 The shadows fall;
From silent hills afar I hear
 A whirl of wings,
And then a night bird's lonely call!

The Falling of a Star

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpkian

Some one had said there lurked a wicked light in Richard Dare's eyes. Joanne sitting on the porch step beside Richard looked searchingly into his eyes and tried to detect an evil light there, but she could not. The only thing she could see in their dark, handsome depths was something that told noble things, pure things.

Ever since Joanne had come four months before to the little town in Northern California to visit her sitser she had heard that Richard Dare was a—well—a little wild. Maybe it was because the town was a little town, maybe it was because the young man's father was the richest man in the place; at any rate everybody knew it, whenever Dick, as he termed it, "had a good time with the fellows." Yet Joanne, sweet, modest Joanne, could not help it if this handsome, dashing young Richard should think her the most fascinating girl he ever knew, and by and by should tell her so. Joanne told herself that she was not interested when a neighbor, Mrs. Dorman, related to her and her sister some of his "doings". He gambled while he was at college, and now, Mrs. Dorman said, he and those wild chums of his were forever meeting in some den where they played cards and drank beer. It was the same lady who had said there was "something wicked in that boy's eyes."

Joanne was remembering Mrs. Dorman's words as she sat beside Richard this balmy summer evening.

"Joanne," he said after a time, "I wish you wouldn't go away," and then since the silence was broken he told her the things his eyes had been saying. She was going away the next day, back to her home in the east. Because she was going away so soon, and because she was a girl like all other girls she could be forgiven for listening to her sweetheart, even if he was, as people said, a wicked fellow.

"Do let us be sincere tonight," she broke in at length; "do let's be sincere."

"You are forever accusing me of flippancy, insincerity, and all those unstable qualities; can't you give a fellow credit for a single streak of seriousness? Oh Joanne," she knew he was not flippant now, "I'm a wicked sort, I guess. They all say I am. You know it all. You've heard of every mean thing I ever did, I'm sure. But since you've come, since this wonderful summer, I'll live a cleaner life. When you're near 'tis easy, but now you're going away. Joanne, don't leave me! Stay with me forever!"

"Oh no," she answered, "If you can't live the right kind of life when I'm not here, I couldn't trust you."

"I see you think I haven't the strength. I guess I've never murdered anybody. Give me the benefit of the doubt," his voice was soft and pleading again, "and when I've proved to you I can live an upright life, and resist those evil impulses, then, won't you listen to what I asked you just now?"

"Yes, then I will. But it will be harder than you think, you'll be tempted and—"

"And I'll think of you and be strong," he interrupted.

"Oh, may you," she said softly.

As she spoke they saw a star fall. A yellow blaze of light, it fell, shining across the summer sky. The girl drew in her breath with an exclamation of awe. Richard spoke: "Did you know that if you make a wish as a star falls it will come true? You were wishing then, weren't you?"

"'Twas more than a wish," she replied in a low voice. The young fellow beside her knew that it was a prayer, a prayer for him.

Joanne left the next day.

A few mornings later Richard Dare entered his father's private office, a place he was not in the habit of visiting.

"Dad," he said, "is there a place for me in the business? I want to go to work."

The father's shrewd eyes searched his son's face. "Yes, there's a vacancy here, and I think you can fill it. Yet it is a hard place."

“That’s what I want.”

“What is it, Dick? Why do you want to begin in a hard place?” Then, for he was a wise father, he continued: “I think I understand. It isn’t always that I’ve been a stout middle-aged business man. I was young once. Son, does *she* want you to live a life worth while?”

“Yes, dad.”

“Sit down, and I’ll show you what your work will be. As I said, it is a hard place.”

Richard found out that it was a hard place indeed. From early morning until late at night he labored at his desk. He toiled through long business papers, big piles of letters, and columns of figures. Naturally there were people who wondered, “What has come over Dick Dare?” and naturally there were people who prophesied that it wouldn’t last. He did grow tired sometimes of his office work, but that was not the hardest thing he had to cope with. The almost intolerable longing for the old gay life was the force that was most difficult to manage. He wanted to run down to Sacramento and have a gay week. He wanted to go on a hunting trip with Bill Fraley, the greatest gambler in California.

“I want sometimes to just clear out,” he wrote Joanne one time. “I’ll confess I do; but I remember I’m proving to you that I’m strong, and I just say seven and thirteen are twenty, and go on down the column.”

One cold winter evening Dick closed his desk with a thud and rose wearily from his chair.

“What’s the use?” he asked himself, “It’s nine o’clock, and I’ve been slaving here all day. Oh, what’s the use?” Unmindful of the beauties of the starlit night, he left the building with a weary brain. On the sidewalk he almost ran over two men.

“Well, how are you, Dare?” one of them cried cheerily. “Haven’t seen you in an age.”

“Give me your hand old fellow,” chimed in the other. “So glad to see you once more.”

The two young men were Bennett and Stover, with both of whom Dick had spent, in bygone days, some merry hours.

After the greetings were over, Bennett said, "You're all tired out, man. Come on with us. We're going where there's something bracing to drink, and mayhap, we'll find a deck of cards there too."

"Yes," added Stover, enthusiastically, "Come on. Let's have a good time like we used to."

"All right." The enthusiasm in Dick's voice quite overcame the weariness there. "Come on, let's have a good time."

As he walked down the street arm in arm with his comrades, Dick talked and laughed immoderately. He was intoxicated as the anticipation of the old pleasures came rushing over him. He knew that the "good time" would end with him dead drunk, a wild bidder at cards. He knew it and laughed with boyish eagerness when he thought of it. How the blood went surging through his veins in a mad, happy race! Just then, as he threw back his head to laugh at one of Stover's coarse jokes, he saw a star, bright and sparkling, go trailing across the sky. After it was gone he thought he could still see the radiance it left behind it. The laugh died on his lips. He almost stopped.

"Fellows," he said, "I'd forgotten, I have some letters to write tonight. I can't go with you."

The other two expostulated and argued, but in vain. "Just a little while," they begged, "from that tiresome office life." Dick was unmoved by their words. As quickly as possible, he left them and pursued his homeward way alone.

"I had forgotten," he muttered once as he strode along, and again he said as he went up the steps at home, "I had forgotten but I remembered."

Two years later, Joanne, convinced that Richard had forsaken his old, evil life forever, came out to California as his bride. It was then that he received a satisfactory explanation for the marvel of the falling of the star at that great crisis in his life. Joanne gave the explanation.

“Why, Dick, ’twas the answer to the prayer that I sent that night as the other star fell. You see something came to remind you, and you did resist. It was the answer to my prayer. ’Tis always the prayers we send up with our wishes that make them come true.”

Gypsy Song

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpian

Come, lass, with me
 O'er hill, thro' dale
 O'er heath and vale;
 The road it calls to me.

Out on the trail to see
 Each city and town,
 Each meadow and down—
 The road it calls to me.

And I must obey;
 Shoulder my load,
 As I list to the road;
 For I cannot say it nay!

Come, lass, with me,
 O'er hill, thro' dale,
 O'er heath and vale;
 The road it calls to me.

James Cotton of Anson County

May McQueen, '14, Adelpbian

Among those who during the times just before and during the Revolution remained loyal to the King of England, was one James Cotton of Anson county. Much has been written bitterly censuring such men, probably in many instances justly. In the case of James Cotton, however, there is little evidence showing that he deserves such bitter censure. Instead of the exceedingly low character ascribed to him by many, he seems to have been a man of courage, a good leader, and a man ready to make any sacrifice for the cause that he held to be right.

James Cotton came to North Carolina from New England about 1760. It seems that he lived for a time in Guilford County, for we have on record a petition (regarding commissioners for building "court house Prison and Stocks") made to the Assembly, in the winter of 1773, by the inhabitants of Guilford county, to which is signed, along with the names of scores of prominent pioneers of Guilford, the name of James Cotton. It is not known exactly when he came to Anson County, but it is evident that he was there some years before 1775. When he came he settled in that part of Anson county which is now known as Montgomery county. He seems to have been very prosperous for he owned negroes and several plantations. Evidently he was held in high esteem by the people of his county, for when the war commenced he was lieutenant-colonel of his county—a very important and honorable position—magistrate, and county surveyor, which were likewise very important offices at that time. He seems also to have kept the county records in his possession, a position that certainly carried with it trust. The following is an extract from a letter regarding this position, written by Charles Medlock of Anson county, to Gov. Caswell, April 1, 1777:

"I think it a duty incumbent on me to acquaint your Excellency that the books and papers of the Register's office

of this county, that were taken from Lieutenant-Colonel Cotton's in March, 1776, have been in my care ever since that time, ten days only excepted. I should esteem the appointment of my son, Israel, to that office as a particular favor conferred on me."

Under Cotton's influence, the Loyalists in the county, in the spring of 1775, signed a protest against the proceedings of the Continental Congress of September of 1774, with regard to non-importation and non-exportation. This act caused the Committee of Safety and their friends to rise up, and on May 25, 1775, they began to seize some of the leading men among the disaffected, confining them as prisoners and endeavoring to persuade them to abandon their allegiance.

After Gov. Martin had fled to Fort Johnston, where he arrived June 2, 1775, he invited Cotton to visit him there. This Cotton did. After his return to Anson he maintained communication with Martin, and became active in his efforts to hold his own and to raise troops to march to Wilmington to join the British army daily expected by Martin. Martin, knowing Cotton's loyalty to the King, felt that in Cotton he had a good tool, and continued to write him such letters as the following:

"Cruiser Sloop of War, Cape Fear River,
July 21, 1775.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Cotton of Anson County,

Sir: I have received your letter of the fifteenth instant by Mr. Cunningham and highly approve your proper and spirited conduct, while I cannot sufficiently express my indignation and contempt of the proceedings of Captain-General Spencer and his unworthy Confederates. You, and the other friends of government, have only to stand your ground firmly, and unite against the seditious as they do against you, in firm assurance that you will be soon and effectively supported. I wait here to forward the purpose of the friends of government, or I would have been among you. At a proper season you may depend I shall render myself among you, and in the meantime let nothing discourage you. The spirit of rebellion has lately received a most severe check in New England,

and I have not the least doubt that all that country is, by this time, entirely reduced by His Majesty's army, which by my latest advices, was carrying on its operations with the utmost vigour.

Major Snead may be assured of my attention to all his wishes at a proper time.

I beg my compliments may be presented to Col. McDonald and am sir, your most humble servant,

Jo. Martin."

This letter was in some manner obtained by a certain Mr. Rowan and presented to the Anson Committee of Safety, July 31, 1775. It only served to increase the feeling of animosity towards Cotton that was held by the patriots. The Committee of Intelligence was instructed to write Mr. Rowan expressing hearty approval of his conduct in delivering the letter to the Committee.

The Anson Committee of Safety felt very bitter towards Cotton, and in their action against the leading Loyalists soon directed their efforts towards his destruction. On July 11, 1775, the Committee met at the court house and sent Richard Farr to tell Cotton that the Committee sent their compliments and desired to see him. Cotton at once presented himself at the court house. Samuel Spencer, the chairman of the Committee, told him that they had sent for him as one of the Burgesses of the county to acquaint him with their proceedings and to endeavor to get his approbation. Spencer then "read the Resolves of the Continental Congress," which were probably those concerning non-importation and non-exportation, as they were the most important steps taken by the Continental Congress at its meeting in Sept., 1774. Thomas Wade read the Resolves of the Anson Committee, adopted in accordance with directions from the Continental Congress, and demanded of Cotton if he could sign them and how he approved of them. Cotton would not be persuaded by them to sign these resolves. The Committee then told him if he did not join them in this they would be under the necessity of proceeding against him according to the directions of the General Congress, and gave him two weeks to consider the matter.

During these two weeks the Committee sent Cotton many newspapers and other writings trying to convince him of his error, but Cotton remained true to the cause of the King of England, the cause that he believed to be right.

Accordingly, at the end of the two weeks, on July 25, 1775, the Committee carried out their word. Early in the morning Cotton was awakened by an armed person's entering his room. This proved to be Captain David Love, who had been admitted by a servant. Love told Cotton that he was Captain of a company that the Committee had sent for the purpose of carrying him to them at Mask's Ferry, on the Peedee. Looking out, Cotton saw the large company, and, believing resistance useless, prepared to go with them. In the meantime, one of his negroes while attempting to run away to alarm the neighbors of these proceedings, was stopped by a member of the company who drew his gun and swore to kill him if he did not return. Cotton, hearing this uproar, rebuked the soldier sharply for daring to present a loaded gun at any person around his house, telling him that he had a great mind to send him to jail. At this Capt. Love reminded Cotton that he must now consider himself a prisoner and not a magistrate. After that, Cotton no longer persisted. Capt. Love turned to his company and said, "Now you see, gentlemen, that Gov. Martin and his damned officers will set the negroes on us to kill us." After they had gone about fifteen miles, Cotton managed to escape from the soldiers, many of whom were under the influence of drink, this being the second time they had stopped to obtain it. He travelled home secretly that night, armed himself, and slept in the woods adjacent. The next day he learned that Capt. Love and each of his men had offered rewards for his capture, and had laid his cornfields flat. Cotton sent orders to the militia captains to call their companies together but only about forty men responded. He then traveled secretly, camping in the woods, until Aug. 6, 1775, when he arrived on board His Majesty's Sloop *Cruiser* in the Cape Fear where Martin had fled for his safety. Cotton himself said, "I have often heard that the Rebels said they would burn up my houses and mill, drive away my negroes

and stock, and that I should not tarry with them nor my family.”

Soon after this, Cotton and Samuel Williams, and his son, Jacob Williams, all of Anson county, were captured by the Committee of Bladen county. They were carried before the Safety Committee at Wilmington, August 18, 1775, were examined, and remanded to confinement. The next day they were ordered before the Committee, where they all three voluntarily signed the Association entered into by the inhabitants of that county, and readily took an oath drawn up by the deputy chairman. They then cheerfully consented to go to Congress to be held at Hillsboro, Aug. 21, 1775, there to undergo whatever examination that the Congress should think proper. The Committee then resolved: “That they be attended by a few gentlemen who are going to Hillsborough; and that the deputy chairman write to Congress, giving an account of these men since they were taken in Bladen county.”

Congress, in session at Hillsboro, on Aug. 25, 1775, sent four men from the independent company of Hillsboro towards Wilmington to assist in bringing Cotton and the two Williamses before Congress. On Aug. 28th, they were brought before the bar of Congress. They were charged with acting in opposition to the liberty of America, and of endeavoring by persuasion, and otherwise, to induce others to act against the resolutions of the Continental and Provincial Congresses. The prisoners at once made solemn recantation of their former principles. Forthwith, the Congress resolved that Cotton and the two Williamses be discharged and set at liberty, and that certificates be issued to entitle them to the protection of all persons espousing the cause of American liberty.

After this there is no record of the action of Col. Cotton until the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, Feb. 26, 1776. It was then that the thing happened that lowers him most. It seems that in utter disregard of his former recantation he again came under the influence of Martin and was led to busy himself in raising a force of Loyalists. He was in command of a regiment in this battle. This regiment, like all the other Tory regiments, was completely routed by the patriots under

Ashe, Lillington, and Caswell. It is recorded that Cotton together with many Tory leaders attempting to escape, was taken prisoner. It seems that he managed to escape, however, for he soon joined Gov. Martin on the *Cruiser* and proceeded to New York. From there he went to England, whence he never returned, and is supposed to have died some years before the war ended.

It is not known why Cotton went to England or why he never returned. The following is an extract from a letter written by Martin on Sept. 15, 1777, at New York, to Lord George Germain :

“A Mr. James Cotton, of North Carolina, who went from home sometime ago will probably have waited on your Lordship. I, therefore, think it proper to mention him in this place as a person who had, according to my best information, all the merit set forth in my certificate that I presume he will have produced to your Lordship which in a man rather of vulgar life and character and more especially in a native of New England I cannot but estimate very highly.”

From this letter it would seem that he went on some mission to the nobility of England. As said above, however, nothing definite is known.

When Col. Cotton in 1776 left North Carolina never to return, he left a wife, Margaret, and three children, Thomas, James, and a daughter whose name is unknown. All three children were minors at that time. The Assembly in 1777 confiscated the property of many Tories, among that confiscated being the property of James Cotton, of Anson county. Mrs. Cotton was allowed for her support the profits from her husband's lands and the wages of certain negroes who were to be hired out for the benefit of the family by Commissioners for Tory estates. In 1783 the Assembly resolved that all the property remaining be restored to James Cotton, Thomas Cotton, and their sister, for it appeared to the General Assembly “that Thomas Cotton and James Cotton (who were minors at the time the aforesaid James Cotton incurred the pains and penalties of high treason) have on all occasions since they became of age to act for themselves, behaved as good and loyal citi-

zens and on all occasions exerted themselves in defence of this state, and the liberties thereof; and justice and humanity forbid the involving the innocent and deserving with the guilty.”

Mrs. Cotton died before the war was over, killed, no doubt, by the great misfortunes that had fallen to her and her family. Her son, James, went to Chatham County. Some of his descendants are living now in North Carolina. Thomas Cotton remained in Montgomery County and raised a large family. He has descendants living in North Carolina, one of whom is Rev. Solon A. Cotton, of Red Springs, N. C.

A Matter of Principle

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

One April morning some years ago, Anne Sutherland rose early to set about the usual household duties with a smile. For she must not let her dear folks know the worst until it should actually come to pass. There were only the three of them in the world—the invalid father, the aged mother, and Anne who by her handiwork, strove to keep a roof over their heads.

This little dove-colored, dormer-roofed cottage, covered over with its crimson ramblers and set in its old-fashioned flower garden was very dear to them—the last of the Sutherland estates—had for the past few years been a pleasant shelter. The little birds in the Microfilla arbor played continual comedy before the invalid's window, and the breeze came laden with lilac. And now what? Anne turned away from the window and drew her hand across her forehead. The mortgage was due; foreclosure was certain. Blindly Anne drove the pins into her faded hat, and slowly smoothing down her shabby skirt, desperately caught up her reticule, and without a word, slipped out the door. The customary goodbye would have betrayed her now.

She was going to the Vernons to sew. Col. Vernon held the mortgage on the Sutherland home. Half way to the gate Anne smiled at remembering that the day was Lee Vernon's birthday, and went back to fill a plate high with the chocolate cake for which she was renowned throughout the village, and which Lee professed was "the best cake!" This time Anne stopped to pat the pillows on the invalid's chair, and as she went out the gate, tossed a gay kiss to her mother, and walked swiftly away.

She looked down at the covered plate in her hand—Lee would be glad. Lee was a sweet child. It was a pity her father had not more of his daughter's spirit. Time had been when the Sutherlands owned more land, held more slaves,

boasted a finer coach than ever their neighbors the Vernons. Was this Hugh Vernon's revenge? But instantly Anne thrust the thought from her, ashamed of its conception. No, Hugh Vernon was not mean. He was only hard, hard like diamond, and of a merciless business sagacity. In the days after Reconstruction when the Sutherland fortune was gradually going down, Hugh Vernon had given a portion of his plantation to the railroad company to build a station, and had sold his land around about at a premium, taking mortgages not infrequently. Rapidly the town of Vernon Hill had sprung into being, and as rapidly had it grown, with Col. Vernon's hand at the helm of every enterprise. From time to time, as the mortgages had fallen due, they had been either collected or ruthlessly closed; none had been granted consideration. There had been old man Johnson, and widow Murphy, and the Allens, and the Blounts, and the Davises, and all the rest—and here were the Sutherlands, Anne gloomily reflected. There was no hope. The man was utterly without feeling—perhaps it was not so bad after all that Ellen Lee, Anne's dearest friend, had been spared so short a life as Col. Vernon's bride. And her daughter?

Lee—Lee was much a child, but she had given a woman's sympathy the day she heard of the Sutherland's trouble. If the worst came, Lee would be a friend.

And so Anne came to the gate of Vernon place. Lee had seen her from the terrace and was holding open the gate for her.

"Wish me wishes, Miss Anne, for I'm eighteen years old today," laughed the girl. Her yellow braids shone in the sun, and her blue eyes danced as she held up her face for the kiss.

"Here are some of the wishes I've already wished for you," and Miss Anne surrendered the plate.

Together they walked up the gravel path under the old elms. Before they had reached the house, Lee had declared that this was the happiest day of her life, had displayed a formidable bunch of keys which had been surrendered to her keeping—"And it's very grown up they make me feel", was

her naive expression—and had told how this birthday was to be different from all others because she was herself to choose her gift. “And for the life of me, I can’t decide what to get,” she sighed.

By this time they had crossed the wide, white-columned piazza into the long, roomy, high-pitched hall, and were ascending the broad, easy stair. They went on up into the sewing room, a long, narrow room, with high walnut wainscoting, the narrow space of buff colored wall bearing a few very old engravings, the low ceiling ornamented lengthwise by narrow strips of wood, a room overlooking the garden to right and left by several square, many-paned windows. The shutters were thrown open and the morning sunlight streamed in, the breeze stirring lightly the tissue patterns on the table. A big bowl of wistaria on the mantel sent tendrils down to the quaint old hearth. It was a pleasant place to work in. There were table linens to hem, a dainty bit of mull to embroider, fine lace and linen to roll and whip, more than enough to keep Miss Anne busy the week she was accustomed to spend with Lee in the spring.

When Lee had Miss Anne comfortably settled, and had chatted a while, she flourished her keys and announced that she was going to explore. Meanwhile, Anne kept up her work at such a rate that the time fled by and she was startled at the dinner bell to find it so late. At dinner Lee’s eyes were continually wandering out the window; once Miss Anne saw them fill dangerously. Even Col. Vernon noticed her pre-occupation, but to his question Lee responded that she was thinking about what she wanted for her birthday gift. Miss Anne remembered the exploring expedition, and suspected Lee’s answer of being irrelevant; she was both right and wrong. But the matter-of-fact Colonel merely suggested “that you come to the study this afternoon and tell me your choice.”

Anne was doing handwork that afternoon, and such employment gives time for thinking. About four o’clock a gust of rain blew up, and the windows had to be closed. Anne was shut in with her thoughts. She worked on and on, yards

of hemstitching falling from her fingers, but for all her feverish haste she could not escape her fears. She had no hope of lenity; her thoughts were all of where to turn next, what should become of them? Harried until she could bear it no longer, at about half past five o'clock she rose, folded her work, and went down stairs to the Colonel's study.

The Colonel himself opened the door at her knock and in his courtliest manner handed her to a chair. She took one deep in shadow and sat down with her back to the light; for now that the rain had ceased the sun had come out for a glorious setting.

"Doubtless, Col. Vernon," she began, "you know my business today. I have come to say that I can no longer meet the interest on the mortgage, to say nothing of the principal, nor have I prospect of any better future. It is all I can do to pay for clothes and food. So that is where matters stand between us."

The Colonel was silent for several minutes, his massive, snow-white head slightly bowed, his brown eyes gleaming from under their heavy black brows, and then, turning toward his desk he spoke in an even voice.

"In such cases, I have never taken the trouble to explain my position; I have cared not a whit what people thought of me, conscious in my own mind that I was right. But now it is different; we are family friends.

"When, as a young man, fresh from the war, I began the business of recuperating the Vernon fortunes, I settled upon a few large principles to which I have ever since adhered rigorously and without exception. One of these principles was that I myself should never fail to meet my obligations toward others, and should demand the same of others toward me."

"I see; to be lenient would be a violation of the commandment," Anne acquiesced.

The Colonel wheeled around sharply at the hint of sarcasm, but when he saw that she was grave, he bowed. "Yes, it is a matter of principle."

The door opened; there was a little flutter; and the Colonel held in his arms—ah, surely this was Nellie Lee herself! Anne drew back into the shadow, but there was no need, for father and daughter were oblivious of her presence; as for escape, that was impossible.

For a while no word was spoken. Finally, the father turned and unlocked the mahogany cabinet beside his desk. From the shadow Anne saw him lift up one treasure after another, a yellow bundle of letters, a sandal-wood box with the remnants of some pressed flowers, a rose, a lily of the valley and violets, a tiny handkerchief, an ivory fan. And then he opened a purple velvet jewel box, disclosing many jewels, beautiful old cameos, diamond ear drops, a mammoth carbuncle set with pearls. Tenderly the Colonel lifted out a great rope of pearls, an heirloom of more than a century, and placed them around the girl's neck; then gave to her that most precious of the treasures, her mother's miniature.

And it seemed that Lee must be the miniature come to life as she stood there with the rose light streaming upon her from an upper shutter, a beautiful picture in her mother's quaint blue brocade, the chiffon sky-scraper bonnet framing the upturned, tremulously sweet young face, the golden curl over the snowy shoulder, the rich pearls, the ruffled bodice with its soft frills of lace at throat and elbow, the black silk mits, the single Marechal Neil at the waist, the flowered over-skirt and voluminous hoop-skirt, the tiny slippers, and the dainty parasol—she seemed a spirit of another world, as she stood gazing on her mother's likeness. Her blue eyes slowly filled with tears as she looked from the picture to her father.

"Ah, Nellie, Nellie!" the great man whispered. And it was the first time he had ever called her Nellie. They stood and looked into each other's eyes.

A long minute they stood so; at last Ellen Lee spoke. "Father, I have come to tell you what I want for my birthday present. I want to give Miss Anne her home; I want to cancel the mortgage—or whatever you do."

The Colonel was brought to himself with a start, and Lee saw Miss Anne for the first time. With a stately bow, the old gentleman apologized, "We beg your pardon, Miss Anne. You have heard my daughter's request; as a matter of principle, I grant all reasonable requests she may make. She has more than pleased me in this. You will do her the honor of accepting."

But when Anne would have refused, Nellie Lee was standing before her, caressing her hand; Anne could not deny the pleading of those blue eyes.

A few minutes later, as Anne went alone down beneath the elms, she murmured aloud, "And I thought, God forgive me, I thought he had no heart. Yet it was given to me to see—a matter of principle, yes, and of interest."

The False Set

Ruth Harris, '15, Adelpbian

Wedged in between a hospital on one side, and a bakery on the other, there stood a narrow little office, which bore the sign, Dr. R. M. Smith, Dentist.

When the white scrim curtains at the windows blew out, one might see beyond the pink sweet peas on the mission table in the front office, into the white enameled back regions, and catch a glimpse of an arm in white duck moving back and forth.

Down the street there came a chocolate-colored negro girl bedecked in dark blue calico and red ribbon. Her hair was bound close to her head in tiny plaits wrapped tightly with white string. Beside her walked an awkward swain of the same dusky complexion as she. He wore blue overalls and a dirty cap adorned with a wisp of hay.

Now they hesitated and looked up at the sign.

"Lily May, dis ain't der place," protested the youth.

"Yaas tis, too, Mose. You doan know nuffin. Ain't I done had all my teef pulled out here when ole Doctah Brown stayed here? Gwan in!" returned Lily May.

Once inside the office and in the presence of the immaculate white clad doctor both Mose and Lily May seemed suddenly to become tongue tied.

"Well?" said Dr. Smith in a coolly inquiring voice. He was putting in a bridge, and he always disliked to be interrupted at such a time.

"Dis here der toof dentist?" asked Mose, shifting from one foot to the other.

"It is."

"Say, ain't you Mistah Smif?" inquired Lily May, who had now regained the power of speech.

"Yes, this is Dr. Smith," replied the little doctor somewhat stiffly. It had not been so very long since he had

passed the board and the title sounded like music in his ears.

“Do you wish to have some work done? It’s very doubtful whether I’ll have any time for you today.”

The little doctor hesitated. Being a Southerner he was not over anxious to work for them, but—hang it all! it takes a fellow time to build up a good practice—and violets would just suit *her* hair and eyes!

“Yaas,” began Lily May, “Ah done had mah ole snags pulled out ’bout free months ago when de udder toof-dentist wus a stayin’ here, ’n ah reckon ah wants er set o’ false ’ns put in. Maw she say, ‘Lil, if I’se *you*, ah’d sho’,’”—

“Step right back this way, and I’ll see you in a few minutes,” interrupted the doctor briskly.

And then began the making of the false set, an experience which “Lil” often loved to dwell upon in after years.

“Make ’em *white*, ’n put er gole fillin’ right in der front,” she said as she left the office.

“Me’n Mose gwine er wuk in der horspital. I’se gwine be er maid, ’n he’s gwine cook, ’n ah’ll be a payin’ yuh some along by de week.”

The little doctor returned to his belated bridge work.

Upstairs in the bakery window a bright mulatto girl whose tastes ran to pink ribbon and imitation gold beads was rattling dishes. Fragments of ragtime floated down.

“Oh when I die
 Don’t bury me ’t all,
 Jes’ pickle mah bones—”

From the back door of the hospital there sauntered a dapper looking mulatto. There was a cigarette between his lips and his hands were jammed in his trousers’ pockets.

“Hey dere, Mistah French!” called the girl leaning out of the window with the dishrag in her hands. “Gwine buy out he hosspital this mawnin’?”

“Yaas’m, Miss Ca’line Ar’bella, jes lookin’ roun’ a leetle fust,” he returned, and swaggered over to the window.

The little dentist looked out and smiled. Everything had gone well that morning.

At the end of a week or two, when Lily May came into the office to make her payment, something seemed to be worrying her.

“Say, Mistah Smif,” she stammered after he had given her the receipt, “I’se gettin’ in er mighty big hurry fer dose teef. I’se jes’ natchully ’bliged ter hav ’em by day after tomorrow, ’cose I’se gwine be married der third der month.”

“What! You married?”

“Yaas suh, me’n French’s gwine jine up in de chuch ’n all de nuhses from de horspital’s gwine ’n we wants you ter come, too.”

“Sure, I’ll get you fixed up all right by then,” promised the little doctor good naturedly.

In a few minutes the office door opened and in walked a tall dark negro, none other than Mose himself. He carried a note in his hand, and this was the way it read:

You are cordially invited
to attend the wedding of
Mr. E. Z. French
to
Miss Lily May Crump
October 3rd the 1913
at
Flea Hill Baptist Church

The note was written in red ink on a blank card.

“French wrote ’em,” explained Mose.

“Dey’se ast me ter be fust waitah, but ah doan know’s ah will. Yuh see time we’d git thru wid de suppah ’n everything, it ud be ’bout mawnin’, ’n ah ain’t used ter sittin’ up late,” he finished lamely.

“Good heavens!” laughed the dentist, “he must be a queer one. I thought all niggers loved to be out all night, especially if there’s anything to eat around.”

The next morning the little doctor was exactly one-half hour late. It always ruffled him to be late; so he flung the instruments in the sterilizer, and began polishing the false set with a vengeance. Dr. Smith was evidently in a bad humor.

At the hospital across the way a chocolate colored negro founced out of the back door. After her sauntered a dapper looking mulatto.

"Yuh lazy, good-fer-nuthin' nigger," the girl was saying, "Ah ain't gwine marry yuh fer nuffin' now."

"Dat's all right den if yuh doan wanten," he returned. "Ah ain't gwine ast yuh no mo'. Yuh're nuthin' but a country nigger nohow, wid out no teef!"

"Oh well, dey is others! Dey is others, teef or no teef, Mistah E. Z. French!"

Having spoken thus Lily May walked into the kitchen and slammed the door.

"Mistah E. Z. French" continued to stand where she had left him.

Presently a bright mulatto girl whose tastes ran to pink ribbon and imitation gold beads appeared in the bakery window with a dish rag in her hands.

"Mawnin', Mistah French," she called sweetly.

And the dapper looking mulatto sauntered over.

About this time Dr. Smith's office door opened and Lily May walked in.

"Came ter git muh teef," she said, "but ah ain't gwine be married yit. Me'n French done bust up."

"Hm," thought Dr. Smith grouchily, "guess it's a good thing."

"Say, Mose," said Lily May to a tall dark negro waiting on the outside, "ain't they scandaciously white?"

"Laws a massy, Lil, dey sho' am purty," he returned admiringly. "Yuh sho, am er wheel hoss!"

And they walked down the street together.

The Finding of Jeannette

Julia M. Canady, '15, Cornelian

Fabius Dupree was an orphan boy who had been adopted and reared by my grandfather. People who knew Fabius said that he was a fool and a genius combined. He had an exceptionally brilliant mind for mathematics. Although he had never attended school more than six months, at the age of sixteen years he could solve any arithmetical problem presented him. Notwithstanding this, he was always taken for an idiot by strangers. In the first place, he looked peculiar; his large grey eyes had an idiotic stare, and his bearing was awkward and ridiculous. His behavior, also, was—to say the least—ludicrous. The lack of perception and intuition which he possessed was amazing. This caused him to be the object of many pranks and much fun-making.

While Fabius was growing into manhood he always possessed wild, rambling ideas. These he put into practice on his twenty-first birthday by suddenly disappearing. Much search and inquiry was made, but all to no avail. Months passed and years, and still no one knew anything of his whereabouts. One day about twenty years after his sudden disappearance my grandfather received a letter addressed in an unfamiliar style and bearing an Australian postmark. On opening it, he discovered that it was a message from Fabius, stating that he expected to return home in a short while. As to whether he had made a fortune during his absence, or whether he was to return a beggar, we hadn't the slightest idea. At any rate, we grandchildren had heard so many strange and interesting things concerning him that we were curious to see him. More than a month passed after receiving his letter before he made his arrival.

On day a veritable tramp appeared at the back door; his clothes were soiled and ragged, and his hatless head was covered by a great shock of sandy-colored hair that looked as if it had not been combed for a month. His face was almost

covered with beard. So these facts, combined with a peculiarly awkward bearing and idiotic stare, made him a rather, frightful, as well as curious and repulsive personage to behold. Strange to say, my grandfather recognized him almost instantly—it was Fabius Dupree. Thanks to a shave, a new suit of clothes, and the application of a comb and brush to his great shock of hair, his looks were soon wonderfully improved. My grandfather gave him employment and he very soon proved an indispensable addition to the large farm. We children were very much afraid of him, though; so when we visited there we always took especial care to stay out of his way as much as possible. Finally, however, we learned that, notwithstanding his peculiarity, he was absolutely harmless unless he became angry—then no one could tell what would be the result. He was extremely sensitive also; so woe to the person whom Fabius discovered having fun at his expense! Since he was so lacking in perception, though, the schemes for our pranks were not necessarily very cleverly worked out. We found him even more peculiar and interesting than we had expected, and we had more fun at his expense than seemed possible, since he really was a genius in more lines than one.

One night we decided to play an unusual prank on him. We had often heard him speak of his first and only love—the object of which was Jeannette Buchanan, a resident of some far away island. It seemed that he had met her during his wandering and had become engaged to her; but that their courtship had ended by her deciding that she would not marry a man whom every one thought an idiot. He liked to talk of her, though, and to describe her beauty and charms at great length. Why couldn't one of us change herself into Jeannette Buchanan, come to Fabius, and plead forgiveness for the past? The plan at first did not seem very expedient, but the more we thought about it the more enthusiastic we became over the idea. Finally we decided that seventeen-year-old Maude should be the star actress. Jeannette, so we had been told, was short and plump—so was Maude. Jeannette had rosy cheeks and frizzly red hair—Maude, also, was the

happy possessor of these traits of beauty. Maude was the identical person for the place—there was no doubt of that. In addition to her likeness to the said Jeannette, Maude was rather sentimental—which characteristic was an invaluable requisite for this occasion. Soon our star actress was hustled into a travelling suit, hat, furs, and muff. When the hasty toilet was complete and she stood before us radiant, smiling, and simpering, we felt sure that she was an ideal Jeannette.

Fabius was in the library reading when the old-fashioned knocker to the front door sounded. One of us girls responded. A few seconds later an attractive-looking young lady in full travelling attire was ushered into the library and introduced to Fabius as Miss Buchanan. We could perceive that he turned pale and looked greatly agitated. He then began backing toward the wall, as he stared at his visitor in his idiotic manner—utterly dumbfounded. This, however, did not daunt Miss Buchanan. She, as his once betrothed, was accustomed to his peculiarities, and thus was prepared for anything. So smiling in her most bewitching manner, she advanced toward the mute, staring Fabius, held out both hands to him, and said in a voice penitent enough to melt the heart of any Fabius:

“Fabius, my dear, this is your own Jeannette. She comes to you for forgiveness, acknowledging that she has wronged you. For many a mile your Jeannette has travelled, dearest, in order that she might find you.”

Then sinking to her knees, she looked up into his face and continued to plead:

“Fabius, my own, can't you forgive your Jeannette?”

This gentleman made no move, whatsoever, but continued to stare down at her. Finally seeming to return to consciousness, he jerked her up from the floor and began smothering her with kisses. Jeannette was prepared for the first act, but the latter was evidently unexpected and wholly undesired; for she began screaming and struggling to escape from his embrace. Suddenly remembering that if she was to continue to be Jeannette she must play the part through to the end,

though, she set her lips in a determined manner and continued to plead:

“Oh Fabius! do speak to your Jeannette and tell her that you forgive her and still love her.”

The door to this gentleman's vocal organs seemed suddenly to open up, for he began pouring forth love in such torrents and in such a ludicrous manner that we had serious apprehensions lest the feigned Jeannette should betray herself by giggling. This young lady was now evidently prepared for anything, however,—so she only smiled her sweetest and responded in a becoming coquettish manner to his love making. Finally she declared that as it was ten o'clock she must be going. So Fabius, very reluctant to part with her, escorted her to a nearby neighbor's, at whose home she told him she was stopping. He was to call to see her early the next morning, taking with him a magistrate who was to join them in the bonds of wedlock. All of that was settled before they parted. When he returned home a few minutes later Fabius was a new man; never had he been so jolly, care free, and good natured. He seemed ten years younger.

The next morning he was up bright and early—looking his best—to call on Jeannette.

After a hasty breakfast, for which he had no appetite, he was off. After his departure we began to have fearful apprehensions of the result, in case he should suspect us when he failed to find his betrothed. We had no opportunity to know what the result would have been, however, for Fabius did not return. A day passed—then a week—and a month, and still no sign of him. As on the occasion of his former mysterious disappearance, all inquiry was to no avail. A year passed and still there was no news of him—until one day grandfather received a letter bearing the postmark of some far away island. On opening it he learned that it was from Fabius, announcing his return home. The day on which he was to return found us grandchildren again gathered at the old farm-house to await the arrival of our old friend.

That night as the family was gathered in the living room there was a loud knock at the front door—in answer to which

all of us children rushed to the door to welcome Fabius home again. We found that we were not mistaken in our surmise that it was he; for there in the doorway he stood. But with him there was another personage in the form of a short, plump little lady—all radiant and smiling. This little lady he introduced to us as Jeannette Buchanan Dupree. Thanks to us, Fabius had been lured to the chase, and had found, wooed, and won the real Jeannette.

Eventide

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelphian

Now when the day of work is done,
The night of rest not yet begun,
If from dear ones we are apart
'Tis then that heart goes out to heart.
When stars begin to shine above—
To those dear, tender hearts we love
Tho' miles away, our thoughts have flown
With prayers that God will keep our own.
'Tis now when from the day to night
God makes the change, we feel His might.
Our souls lift up in rev'rent prayer
That He will keep us in His care.

ESSAYS ON MILTON

Milton, Puritan and Cavalier

Elizabeth Long, '14, Adelpian

Milton does not belong to the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth," neither does he belong to the sombre Puritan age. He is a harmonious union of the two. In Milton, the moral earnestness of the Puritan is harmoniously combined with the culture and love of beauty, which characterized the Elizabethan or Renaissance age. The reason that Milton could combine these two ages in perfect unity was that "he disciplined his soul before expressing its beauty in literature." He says that "He that would hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem."

His early works are some of the most exquisite and perfectly finished lyrics in our literature. They have all that was best in Elizabethan literature and yet express his own Puritan soul.

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* have the joyousness in life and nature and the delights in sight, sound, and fragrance of the Renaissance period, but as some one has expressed it, "In every beauty and harmony is some exquisite symbol of human life, and a quiet thoughtfulness sounding the depths of human emotion in nature."

Comus is a splendid example of Milton's ability to unite the two ages. In outward form it is a masque, like those gorgeous ones of Ben Jonson; it has the grand scenic effects, the music, and dancing of Jonson's masques, but its moral purpose is unmistakable. No one can read it without seeing that his theme is that virtue and innocence cannot receive any permanent harm from the evils and dangers of this life. Mr. Long says that a better name for *Comus* would be the "Triumph of Virtue".

The first time that we have the austere tone of the Puritan in Milton's poetry is in *Lycidas*. In this poem he rails against the corrupt clergy and the light and frivolous poets of the day in language that is severe and harsh. But even here the Renaissance side of his nature expresses itself. Along with his Christian shepherd he brings in satyrs, fauns, and sea nymphs. The poem is written with the beautiful images and exquisite finish which characterize the poetry of the Renaissance. Not even in the Elizabethans can we find the spirit of the Renaissance better exemplified than in Milton's beautiful call to the flowers.

Lastly in *Paradise Lost* we see the culmination of all that is beautiful, musical, passionate, and sublime in poetic diction and imagery. And in what other poem is the moral earnestness, the noble thoughts, and the unconquerable spirit of the Puritans so forcibly expressed? This magnificent epic immortalizes the spirit of the Puritan in the language of the Renaissance.

Descriptions in Book I. of "Paradise Lost"

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

Because of the fact that from an epic standpoint, the plot of *Paradise Lost* is limited, Milton has supplied the defect with poetic adornment. Indeed, so nobly did he succeed in this that some critics consider the chief interest of the poem the magnificent pictures and tremendous descriptions in which it abounds.

Characteristic of these descriptions is their wide scope and diffuse indefiniteness. Lowell thus expresses it, "He seems to circle like an eagle bathing in blue streams of air, controlling with his eye broad sweeps of champaign or of sea, and rarely fulminating in the sudden swoop of intenser expression." And it is true that epithets are few in the poem; yet let us notice the nature of such as are present. The blind poet has a special fondness for words, like *far* and *old*, that give a sense of wideness and of depth. At least three times

in this one book the adjective "horrid"—*horrid silence*—is employed and "potent" is also a favorite. Other characteristic epithets are "emypreal", "dire", "foul", "vast", "boundless", "wild", "livid", "fiery", "prostrate", "perfidious", "hollow", "hideous", "impious", "opprobrious", "monstrous", "sonorous", "dazzling", "spacious", "incorporeal", "inglorious", "dreadful"; words sonorous and powerful in themselves. And what power of description is evidenced in such expressions as: "horizontal, misty air", "looks downcast and damp", "gay religions", and "darkness visible".

But, of the vast Miltonic scenes it is the description of Hell that has influenced the conceptions of succeeding generations most perceptibly. The poet hampers the "dismal situation" with no circumscribing details, but views a boundless, bottomless dungeon, *round* without escape, a singed region of sorrow, of mournful gloom and visible darkness, where volcanoes spout fire and sulphuric winds scorch, a space of eternal horror to be conceived only as antipodal to the space of eternal bliss.

Anon, upon this hideousness, to dulcet symphonies there rises like an exhalation a huge fabric of fretted gold and stately sculptures, starry lamps and level pavements, shining arches and doors of brass, and Pandemonium is created. A masterly portrayed vision, the product of an imagination big beyond our ken!

And then there is the portrait of Satan. The tower-like figure, with a shield like unto the moon viewed through a telescope, and a spear before which the largest mast of the greatest ship seems but a wand, is a living creature, a gigantic giant, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent", whose thunder-scarred brow hides revenge, whose sparkling eyes blaze cruelty and malice and power and skill. In wonderful words Milton has set forth a wonderful creature.

Then for a moment we turn aside from the contemplation of grandeur to the smile of the bees and their humble life. And now we slip into one of those little scenes that, in Macaulay's words, are like "the miracles of Alpine scenery.

Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy-land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche." It is the idyllic night scene. Faery elves a-revelling dance beneath a fountain and overhead the arbitress Moon

“nearer to earth

Wheels her pale course.”

As pretty a picture as man ever dreamed.

These descriptions—what can be said of them? Only that within the breast of him who reads them, “At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.”



Sketches

Summer Sounds in the Pine Woods

Jessie C. Gainey, '15, Cornelian

Sounds! There is probably nothing so numerous, so musical, so inspiring, yet so unnoticed as the summer sounds in the woods. Listen to the murmuring of the tall pines as the wind sweeps gently through their leafy boughs. It is a glad song which they give to us—one which will soothe, comfort, and cheer the most downcast heart, if it will but listen. But now you hear what seems to be a scream. Two boughs are rubbing together and making a noise which causes you to think they have hurt each other. The murmur is loud; then scarcely audible as the wind is gentle or powerful. Is this a shower of rain coming down among the pines which we now hear? No, it is a shower of pine needles which the wind forces to the earth. These fall to make the well known carpet of the pine woods. Now we hear the simple rustling of the grass. These sounds can be compared to a group of frolicking children. But before you have time to take in the different sounds of the so-called children, there is an entirely different note heard. It is the call of the quail for his mate. Listen more closely and you can hear the sound of his footsteps as he walks about searching for her. You hear in the tree above you a scratchy, grinding noise. This is the sound of the squirrel cracking a nut. Now worry him a little for fun and he begins to make that squeaky fuss so familiar to those acquainted with our little grey friend. Next a rather quarrelsome note attracts the attention. In a tree not far distant you see a group of birds holding a meeting of some kind. First, they all act as though they were much agitated over some serious question. You can nearly hear the quarrelsome note in the chirps and chatters they make. Suddenly

they change from this mood into one of glee as if they had come to an agreement; they seem now to be trying to see which can produce the most pleasing tone. Many notes do they use and many sounds do they make in their gleeful songs. Now there is one other sound probably the most unnoticed yet the most characteristic of the pine woods—this is the chirp of the cricket as he joyously sings in his humble home beneath the tufts of grass. After listening to all of these happy soothing sounds, is it any wonder that one longs to get away from the haunts of men, out into the “by paths of nature” for a while?

A Faithful Friend

Ethel Wells, '15, Cornelian

It is not every person who appreciates the full value of a dog. When I say “a dog”, I do not mean the small French poodle, the Japanese hound, or any other specimen of the family which is so very insignificant, not only in size, but also in the qualities which are usually admired in any living creature. I always think of a *good* dog as being a *big* dog. The Scotch collie particularly has just about all the good qualities of “dogdom” in him, and he is beautiful enough for even the most fastidious person. With his heavy coat of shaggy hair and his big brown eyes with a look of almost human intelligence in them, he rivals the handsomest of the lower animals.

When one considers the pleasure arising from the owning of a good dog, he finds that it is no mean thing. Your dog follows you in your walks—if you will let him—wherever you go. If in the city he follows you down the street; if in the country he accompanies you on your rambles to the orchard, to the lake, or to the pasture to drive the cows home. When you have been away from home on a visit or at school, the good old dog is about the happiest creature around the house when you return. He puts his big paws on your shoulders, leaps around you, and barks his joy at seeing you again.

Great as the pleasure itself is in owning a good

dog, there is still a greater degree of protection and sense of security, afforded by the presence of your faithful collie. On a summer night you are not afraid to sleep with your window wide open, if he is lying under it. Everybody may leave the house; you do not feel alone if your dog remains on the porch. I once read a newspaper account of an instance where a small child ran across the street in front of an automobile. A big, strong collie, which belonged to the father of the child, leaped in front of the machine in his attempt to save the child. The child was knocked down and out of the way of the car, and escaped without the loss of its life, but the dog was instantly killed by the wheels of the car. "Greater love hath no *man* than this; that he will lay down his life for his friend."

The Back of a Girl's Head

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpkian

The study of the back of a girl's head reveals sometimes more of her character than a study of her face. Often her face assumes a deceptive expression, but never does the back of her head.

We are sitting behind a group of girls. Observe the young lady whose hair is twisted up on the top of her head in a substantial energetic-looking ball. Not for beauty is that hair dressed. No tender little curls are allowed to dangle about the neck. A pin firmly holds them up. The very hairpins are stuck in emphatically. One can see the business-like energy bristling from the top of that well-coiled ball to the securely caught curls at her neck. The next head is covered with pretty, fluffy hair, of which a soft braid is wound around the head. The curls are allowed to loosen themselves. Bewitching, unaffected little curls they are too. They tell one plainly that they are quite natural and cannot help being soft and pretty. No ribbon adorns this head, no fussy comb, for it is the head of a modest, charming little girl. She of the straight brown locks has her hair drawn

up on the crown of her head in a tight knot. It is not a soft coil, nor yet a fluffy ball, but a *knot*. From that prim knot emanates suggestions of all sorts of priggish characteristics. Oh! the marvel of that next coiffure. Curls? Ah, yes, and a jeweled comb too. Methinks that braid, so large, did not grow on Milady's head. That perky pink bow flaunting above her hair seems flirting with us.

Ah, fair maids, and plain, try as you will to make your face show you to be what you are not, the back of your head always shows you as you are. When we would "see ourselves as ithers see us", let each look at the back of her head.

A Late Train

Elizabeth Rogers, '16, Cornelian

When seated in a crowded station waiting for a late train it is interesting and entertaining to note the various effects that the lateness of a train has on different people. Now I think that it depends entirely upon circumstances whether or not we have a kindly feeling toward a late train.

Recently I went down to the station to see a friend of mine off. As we rushed into the station, fearing that my friend would miss her train, I heard a tall, dark, business-like man remark: "That train is going to make me miss an important business engagement." Having heard this speech we knew that there need be no rush, consequently we leisurely seated ourselves in the center of the station in order that we might be comfortable until our train came. From the extreme rear of the station, I heard that same man furiously expressing his sentiments toward this schedule of trains. There were three other men heartily agreeing with this gentleman in everything that he said. My attention was suddenly drawn from the man to a group of children just in front of me. One little fellow just about six years of age looked up at his mother appealingly and said: "Mama, how long before dat train tomes? I want to see daddy." His tired mother assured him that she did not know when the train would get there, but that he would see his father soon.

Looking toward the door I saw a couple of young people rejoicing over the fact that the train was late, for they would have time to go over to Clegg's Hotel and get a lunch. One poor old lady came hobbling across the station with tears in her eyes, I did not know what was the matter with her, but she certainly did look pitiful. There was a crowd of young men lolling through the room looking contented indeed, as if nothing in the world could upset their complacency. Just as I was about to ask my friend if she would like to take a walk, there was a general hurry and push and as the late train came in, I heard the porter yell: "All out for train going north to Reidsville, Danville, and Norfolk!"

My Castle O'Dreams

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpian

Where the morning star hangs low
 Twixt sea and earth and sky,
 Is my mystical, magic castle
 Caught up and hung so high.

And I float on a dawn-tinged cloud,
 Till I reach its portals wide
 Where all my dreams cry, "Welcome,
 Come hither and abide!"

And so when you are fretted
 A-weary of plot and scheme,
 Won't you come into my castle
 And share with me a dream?



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No. 1

At the beginning of this new year, the editors would say a word of greeting first to our advisory board—may we not prove such a very great trial to them; to our readers—may they find some joy in our pages; and to our contributors, may their number increase till they can be numbered no longer—at least not on one's fingers.

To our contributors we would express our gratitude for your support, and beg the continuance of your aid.

To our contributors yet undiscovered we would offer a word, if necessary many words, of encouragement. If you are what is known as a "new girl", let me tell you what happened to one of your editors. Why, once when she was then only preparing to come here, she was told by a friend, who knew the college well, that she must strive, among other things, to write for the Magazine—exactly what I am telling you to do. Now this editor-to-be was possessed of a big brother—

even as many of you—an ex-Sophomore, whose pronounced Sophomoric conception of the duties and responsibilities of Freshmanhood, the Freshman-to-be had so adoringly absorbed and so assiduously assimilated that she could then but gasp her horror, “I, a *Freshman!*” But the wise friend had answered—and the answer is mine to you—“Child, Freshmen sometimes do those things better than upper classmen.” So won’t you show us how much better you can do this thing than the upper classmen do?

If you have been here before but have been deterred from bestowing upon the editors your precious manuscript because of fear of the waste basket, let me urge that once the risk is taken, success is more than likely. Or, if you have already experienced the catastrophe of rejection, let me remind you that “accidents will happen in the best of well-regulated homes”. Perhaps next time your fate will not be so disastrous.

Students, one and all, we cry your aid.

This year we have inaugurated into our calendar a celebration which we hope to see perpetuated among our college customs. I speak with reference to College Night. It was the purpose of the Senior Class in suggesting such an affair to satisfy the need, which we have all felt, of making the new girls early feel at home, of a general loosening up of things, and of fostering college patriotism and a true spirit of fellowship and service. Our endeavor seems to have succeeded for there seems to be abroad among us a spirit of cheerfulness and good will, greater than ever before, a spirit we hope to see grow and expand throughout the year. It was that our new girls might be given a fair chance to see and know the honest democracy which is our standard, and might thus begin their college careers with open eyes, that the idea of College Night was developed. Now, if the beginning seems good, can we not make the ending twice as good?

As a state institution the Normal College has for its great purpose the aiding of the young women of North Carolina to make the most of their talents. In attempting to carry out this purpose our college has recently been made more efficient by the addition of a standard music course which affords training both for teaching and for musical culture. Up to this time our music course has consisted largely of literary work with music as one study in this course. Our new course consists chiefly of the study of music especially after the Freshman year. The Freshman year is very similar to the corresponding year of the other courses except that it offers musical work instead of a regular literary study. Owing to this fact, a student may easily change to another course at the end of her Freshman year and still be able to retain her class. This is very fortunate for sometimes students find during their Freshman year that it is not wise for them to pursue the study of music. This course has been added to the State Normal and Industrial College because of the demands of North Carolina for such advantages for her daughters and we feel that our state will feel richly compensated when our students give back to her an influence for promoting one of the arts necessary for a happy and cultured commonwealth.

To the unspeakable joy of all concerned we are now emerging from a dark age into a more lightened—if not enlightened—period of our new college year. In the beginning of the dark era there were seen white faced maidens meandering over the campus, wondering at the ringing of so many bells. Next there were examinations and their closely allied companions—disappointments and heartaches. Then, as time went on, the rains descended and the floods came—not only from above. Rain seemed to beget rain. Handkerchiefs as well as umbrellas became very popular. In fact had it not been for the original suggestion of some wise former student—that “what one Normal girl does the whole six hundred will do”—we could not have survived long. Next, some of these maidens made the startling discovery that they were grow-

ing lean and lank from lack of food and too much exercise of the brain. There were letters written home of six hundred girls starving in a land of plenty.

Then suddenly the clouds began to disappear, for on Saturday night—College Night—these maidens were made to feel that they were really and truly wanted in their new home. Sunday, however, the clouds began to lower again—a rainy day and tear-stained, pessimistic letters to home-folks. But immediately following another ray of light appeared; for on that night Dr. Foust, in a forcible, inspiring address, welcomed the new students and pointed out to them the real way to true happiness and efficiency. Henceforward the horizon cleared rapidly. Monday morning the sun came out, and this week the programs have been adjusted. Now these maidens are all getting down to hard, earnest work, looking bright and happy, and writing home, “I believe I’m going to like the Normal after all.”



Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpkian

On Wednesday, September 15th, the membership committee, assisted by the cabinet, returned to college to welcome the new students and give them any needed assistance.

We are glad indeed that Miss Miller, our general secretary, is to be with us again this year to carry on the work she began last year.

During the first week of the college year ten-minute prayer meetings were held each night after supper. These were led by the officers of the Association.

The Senior Class in preparing for College Night invited the Association to take part. Maude Bunn, in the name of the Association, welcomed the new students, then Lila Melvin, Katherine Erwin, and Edith Haight presented the religious, social, and business phases of Association life. The Association feels that the Senior Class has taken a wise step in instituting College Night into the College.

The Association held its first cabinet meeting on Sunday, September 21st. All the committee chairmen reported favorably, and there was every indication of a successful year.

The store committee are well pleased that they made such a propitious beginning their first week of work.

At the morning watch services this year the International Sunday School Lessons are to be used. These early morning prayer services so far have had a large attendance.

The first Association Sunday vesper service of the year, on the night of September 21st, was led by Dr. Foust, who chose for his subject, "The Abundant Life". Miss Ethel Harris sang.

On Wednesday evening, September 24, Willie May Stratford was in charge of the prayer service.

As a result of the canvass made of every dormitory on the campus on Sunday night, September 21, by the membership committee and the cabinet, the majority of the girls in College were enrolled as mem-

bers of the Association. The Association hopes by the co-operation of every student in College to make this a most successful year.

On Saturday afternoon from 3:30 to 6:00 o'clock the social committee entertained the new students and cabinet members, first giving a play in the chapel, then afterwards a Japanese tea on the lawn back of the Students' Building.

On Sunday evening, Rev. Dr. Turner, pastor of the First Baptist Church of the city, led the service.



Among Ourselves

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

Those of us who are so fortunate as to be "old girls" are finding great joy these first few days in recognizing the old familiar faces, in falling into the old familiar habits, in searching out our favorite haunts, in greeting old friends. But a source of almost equal happiness is the sight of new faces, the meeting of new friends. And so the old girls are glad to welcome the new girls into their midst.

We are also glad to welcome the new members of our faculty:

Miss Christine Reincken becomes head of the German Department, succeeding Miss Lee, who has been granted a year's leave of absence. Miss Reincken, who is a native of Germany, has been living in this country a number of years, and has taken courses at Columbia University and like institutions. She comes to us from Ward Seminary, Tenn., where she was likewise head of the German department.

Miss Elizabeth Potwine is assistant in the Mathematics Department. Miss Potwine is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College; has had successful experience in the teaching of higher Mathematics, and during the past year took her master's degree at Columbia University.

Miss Susie E. Purvis, assistant in the English Department, is taking the work of Miss McLelland who is granted a year's leave of absence. Miss Purvis took a master's degree at Columbia University last June.

Miss Sally S. Neal, of Scotland Neck, N. C., also becomes an assistant in the English Department.

Dr. Grace Huse becomes the resident physician for one year, while Dr. Gove is on leave of absence. Dr. Huse is a graduate of Washington University; for the past year she was connected with the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia.

Miss Harriet W. Elliott, of Carbondale, Ill., becomes assistant in the History Department. She received her master's degree in June from Columbia University.

Miss Mary Robinson, who was granted a year's leave of absence, returns to the College as assistant in the Science Department.

Miss Ethel Brown, who has been principal of the White Oak School for several years, is now teaching the fourth grade in the Training School.

Miss Emma Little, who has spent two years in Paris doing special work, becomes assistant in the French Department.

Miss Rhoda Baxter takes the place of Miss Washburn in the Physical Culture Department. Miss Baxter is a graduate of the School of Gymnastics of Wellesley College.

Miss Mary Tennent becomes Assistant Registrar.

Mrs. Estelle Boyd, a graduate of Pratt Institute, is the house-keeper.

Miss Edith Imes, a graduate of Pratt Institute, is supervisor of the kitchen.

Miss Frances Womble, who has been for several years a teacher in the Greensboro High School, has been elected High School visitor of the State.

Miss Dameron and Miss Parker who were away last year on leave of absence are again with us.

Hand in hand with the happiness of seeing the old sights once more, comes the pleasure of finding the progress all around. When we came back this fall, we discovered before we left the street car that Teague Dormitory had been painted, and we know now that it has also been renovated within, and that Guilford Hall and the McIver Building, if in a less degree, have been similarly honored. But the most conspicuous and most essential improvement in our equipment is the remodelling of the Curry Building, the home of the Training School. Practically the same amount of money has been expended upon the improvement as was the original cost of construction, and the result is indeed commendable. The building is now a model from the standpoint of light, ventilation, sanitation, heating, and arrangement, and is all that could be desired aesthetically. No wonder the little children are radiant and their Senior teachers overjoyed at the prospect of a year in such a pleasant place.

Our equipment is to be enlarged, too, by a splendid new dormitory, which is in process of construction on a site just north of the Woman's Building. The work is well under way, and we hope to see it completed at the beginning of the new year. Other building that is going on is the erection of large new barns out near "Observation Hill," and at some distance from those now in use. The material equipment of the College has been visibly and very effectively increased since last year.

Improvement no less tangible is the offering of a new and advanced course in music, and with this new music course comes the pipe organ, soon to be installed, and the organization of the College chorus. New courses are also offered in Sociology and Economics. A new official is added to the College, in the person of a visitor to the High Schools of the State. This visitor will endeavor to connect the College more closely with the High Schools, giving the High Schools the information they desire about the College, and likewise bringing the College information concerning the High Schools. Of great interest, also, is the addition of one year of High School work to the Training School. There is now an eighth grade, and thus we are given opportunities for practice in High School teaching which were unavailable until now.

Saturday night, September 20th, was College Night. After a formal assembly of the student body, in which the former students welcomed the new students and tried to explain to them the different phases of our college life, and to impart to them some valuable experience and sage advice along well chosen lines, a reception was held in the Adelphian and Cornelian Society halls, by which the Senior Class entertained all the students. The enthusiastic singing of college songs added much to the pleasure of a most enjoyable evening.

On the afternoon of September 23rd, the former members of the faculty were at home in the Faculty Sitting Room to the new members of the faculty.



In Lighter Vein

Edith C. Haight, '14, Adelphian

“A pessimist growls over the thorns on the roses; an optimist rejoices over the roses on the thorns.”—*Life*.

A new student losing track of her sister, an old student, began to cry.

Sympathizing friend: “If you will tell me what she looks like perhaps I can find her.”

New student: “I can’t tell you what she looks like, but I’d know her if I saw her!”

M. M. (in the Library): “Sh! You mustn’t talk in here!”

A. T.: “Why? Is somebody sick?”

New girl, exclaiming ecstatically over the fire escape to the Students’ Building: “Oh, aren’t those dear little steps to the chapel! I think they are perfectly darling! They are made of iron, too. I have been over there just to walk up and down them!”

A girl passing two small boys of similar appearance, inquired whether they were twins. She received this indignant answer: “No ma’m, we are boys!”

J. M.: “I am going to write poetry for the Magazine this year.”

M. M.: “You won’t unless you get more poetic inspiration than you have now.”

J. M.: “Well, I’ll write dog’roll, then!”

On one of the first days of school a girl came out of Mr. Brown’s studio looking very indignant.

“I didn’t miss a thing,” she said to a friend, “except the signature of a minor scale and look at the card Mr. Brown gave me!” The friend read the card on which was simply “Miss Minor”. A. S.

Clara: “Are you a Democrat or a Republican?”

Bell (haughtily): “I am neither! I am a Suffragist!”

New girl to another new student: “What course have you?”

Second new girl: “B. P.”

First new girl: “That’s good! I’ll meet you there in the morning.”

New student to teacher after first recitation. "I enjoyed this period so much. I think I am going to like the subject very much."

Teacher: "I am so glad, I hope you will get a great deal out of it."

New student: "O yes, I'll get something out of it if there is anything in it."

Old girl: "What did you have on Latin examination this morning?"

New girl: "We were asked all about those casual clauses."

New student: "Have you been to the bazaar yet?"

Second new student: "Bazaar? Is the Y. W. C. A. having a bazaar already?"

New student: "Oh, I mean where you go to pay your money."

Miss X, meeting two Freshmen among the hay-ricks on the Observation Road: "This is like being in the country, isn't it?"

Freshmen, who have lost their way: "Yes, ma'm, but we are not looking for the country; we are looking for town."

Betsy and I are out, sir,
 'Bout politics it ware—
 She er votin' fer Woodrow
 And me, sir, fer T. R.
 I'd do lots fer Betsy
 Give her money at that,—
 But she lost her jedgment
 And voted a *democrat*.
 Draw up the papers, sir,
 Make 'em good and stout,—
 Er difference over politics,
 Betsy and I are out.

E. C. A., '13, Adelpkian.

Wheat-Threshing

Ain't yo' nebber seed no thrashin'?
 Lawdy, chile, yo's missed a sight,
 W'en dat ingine gits to steamin'
 An' dem wheels to wukkin' right.

Fust yo' heabs de ingine whistle,
 Den she pulls into de lot,
 Hitches belts and gits to tu'nin',
 Eatin' cawdwood fast an' hot.

In de barn de chaff is flyin',
 While de thrasher hums an' spins.
 Niggers sings an' kerries sacks out,
 Emptyin' wheat into de bins.

D'rec'ly comes de bell fo' dinner
An' de ingine slows its beat;
All de men comes troopin' house'ards,
Washes up an' pr'ares to eat.

Dat ar dinner's wuth consid'rin',
Mammy tries herse'f *dat* day;
Chicken, custards, pastry, do'nuts—
Eatin' sich wuz only play.

Den when all de rest is ober
An' yo' gins ter feelin slack,
One mo' thing is left to play at—
Dat is—slidin' down de stack!

Carey Wilson, Cornelian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Willie May Stratford, Mecklenburg County

Adelphian

Cornelian

Fannie Robertson Robeson County	Jeannette Musgrove .. Halifax County
Mary Green Davidson County	Sarah P. Shuford ... Catawba County
Nina Garner Carteret County	Marguerite Brooks .. Guilford County
Edith Avery Burke County	Mary Worth New Hanover County
Kathleen Erwin . Transylvania County	Louise Whitley Stanly County

Students' Council

Willie May Stratford President	Ruth Harris Vice-President
Annie Spainhour Secretary	

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Marguerite Brooks President	Bessie Craven Secretary
Emma Wilson Vice-President	Pearl Temple Treasurer
Gladys Goodson Critic	

Junior Class

Gertrude Carraway President	Annie Albright Secretary
Mabel Cooper Vice-President	Alice Sawyer Treasurer
Elizabeth Horton Critic	

Sophomore Class

Flora Garrett President	Lucy Hatch Secretary
Kate Mae Streatman .. Vice-President	Annie Beam Treasurer
Rose Blakeney Critic	

Freshman Class

Katherine Lapsley President	Carrie Goforth Secretary
Genevieve Moore Vice-President	Juanita McDougal Treasurer
Pauline Williams Critic	

Y. W. C. A.

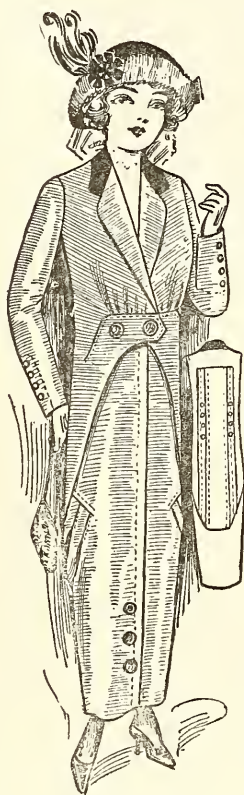
Maude Bunn President	Kathleen Erwin Secretary
Lila Melvin Vice-President	Edith C. Haight Treasurer

Athletic Association

Effe Baynes President	Frances Morris . Freshman Vice-Pres.
Louise Alexander .. Senior Vice-Pres.	Mary Gwynn Secretary
Hallie Beavers Junior Vice-Pres.	Margaret Sparger Treasurer
Esther Mitchell .. Sophomore V.-Pres.	Frances Summerell Critic

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